

"Part Time Mutha" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Part Time Mutha"

(feat. Angelique)

[scratched w/ minor variations — 2Pac & Poppi:]

She's a part time mutha

[2Pac:]

Meet Cindi

She's twenty-two, lives right on the dope track

Used to be fat now weighs less than a Tic Tac

Now what's that say about this big epidemic

This hypocritical world and the people in it

Now speakin' of, in it Cindi loved to get buckwild

Fuck with a smile single file she'll bust enough styles

That would be cool, if she was your lover

But fuck that, Cindi was my dope fiend mother

Welfare checks never stepped through the front door

Cause moms would run to the dopeman once more

All those days, had me fiendin' for a hot meal

Now I'm a crook; got steel, I do not feel

So don't even trip, when I flip with my thirty-eight

Revenge is a bitch and my hit shake the murder rate

Word to the mother, I'm touched

When moms come by, niggas hush or get rushed

Maybe one day she'll recover

But what will it take, to shake, or break

My part time mutha

I gotta live with a part time

[scratched w/ minor variations — 2Pac & Poppi:]

She's a part time mutha

[Angelique:]

I grew up in a home where no-one liked me

Moms would hit the pipe, every night, she would fight me

Poppa was a nasty old man, like the rest

He's feelin' on my chest, with his hand in my dress

Just another pest and yes I was nervous

Was this a test? I just don't deserve this

I wanna tell mom, but would she listen

She's bound to be bitchin' if she hasn't got a fix in, so

Now I lay me down to sleep, Lord don't let him rape me

If he does my soul to keep, don't let the devil take me

Can't concentrate I contemplate in my classroom

Thinkin' how my step dad raped me in the bathroom

Every day I make class and yet I'm missin' periods

The thought of pregnancy is in my head and now I'm fearin' it

I gotta tell mom before she sees me

I told her how he treated me and she didn't believe me
Callin' me a slut cause my butt's kinda big so
Still that ain't no way to be talkin' to your kids though
I can't believe the way he caught her
Got her believin' him and dissin' her own daughter
Time for me to break and find another
That's when I discovered
The ways of the days of a part time mutha

[2Pac:]

I gotta live with a part time

[scratched w/ minor variations — 2Pac & Poppi:]

She's a part time mutha

[2Pac:]

I rush to tend her, talked as I touch her
She blushed, the clothes came off and I bust her
I'm up now, ready to get drunk on the block
Here, take a cab, thanks a lot for the cock
She's gone and I'm thinkin' that my game's so strong
Pat myself on the back and move on
Is this just how it is hell no
Cause she came back with the kid and yo
I been payin' ever since
The clothes the food the cars and, oh, the rent
All of my time gets spent at the workplace
No time to kiss her got me this in the first place
So, I do the dishes and clean the floor
When I sleep I can't dream no more
Oh no, now I'm a part time mutha
And I change the diapers and clean the shit
The tables are turned I can't take this
Oh no, now I'm a part time mutha

[scratched w/ minor variations — 2Pac & Poppi:]

She's a part time mutha

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Stevie Wonder, Deon Evans

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